



Photo History



JUNE 2013 to SEPTEMBER 2013

(Volume 46)

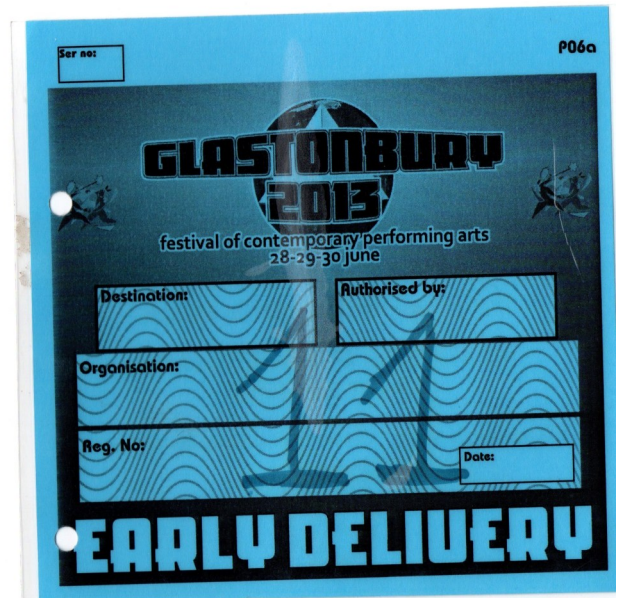




Photo History



We managed (with DP's help) to get SASS into two bars at Glastonbury and this involved Ed and I picking up the bulk SASS in aseptic boxes from Luton and Lynn and I driving to Glastonbury at 4.30am. It was a totally fascinating experience and TRUFFLE PR our Social Media girls arranged that interesting people would be encouraged to give a "SASS POUT" and get on our Wall of Fame on our new website



We had green SASS swizzle stick and bar mats to add to the great cocktails (and 'mocktails') that we developed specially for Glastonbury.





Photo History



DP and a friend
enjoying SASS

Billie was a star and sent these great shots back to London and Ellie and the girls used them to great effect on Twitter and Facebook resulting in a really great coverage pre-launch and also picking up nearly 500 followers before it was even bottled..



Merlin, Marina and
Astra performed in
the bars daily on
stilts and Billie sent
back some really
great shots...even
the weather was on
our side





When Lynn and I went back after Glastobury was over we were greeted by a sight that will remain with us for ever. Glastonbury is the size of Bristol and as far as the eye could see discarded tents and fold-up seats littered the fields





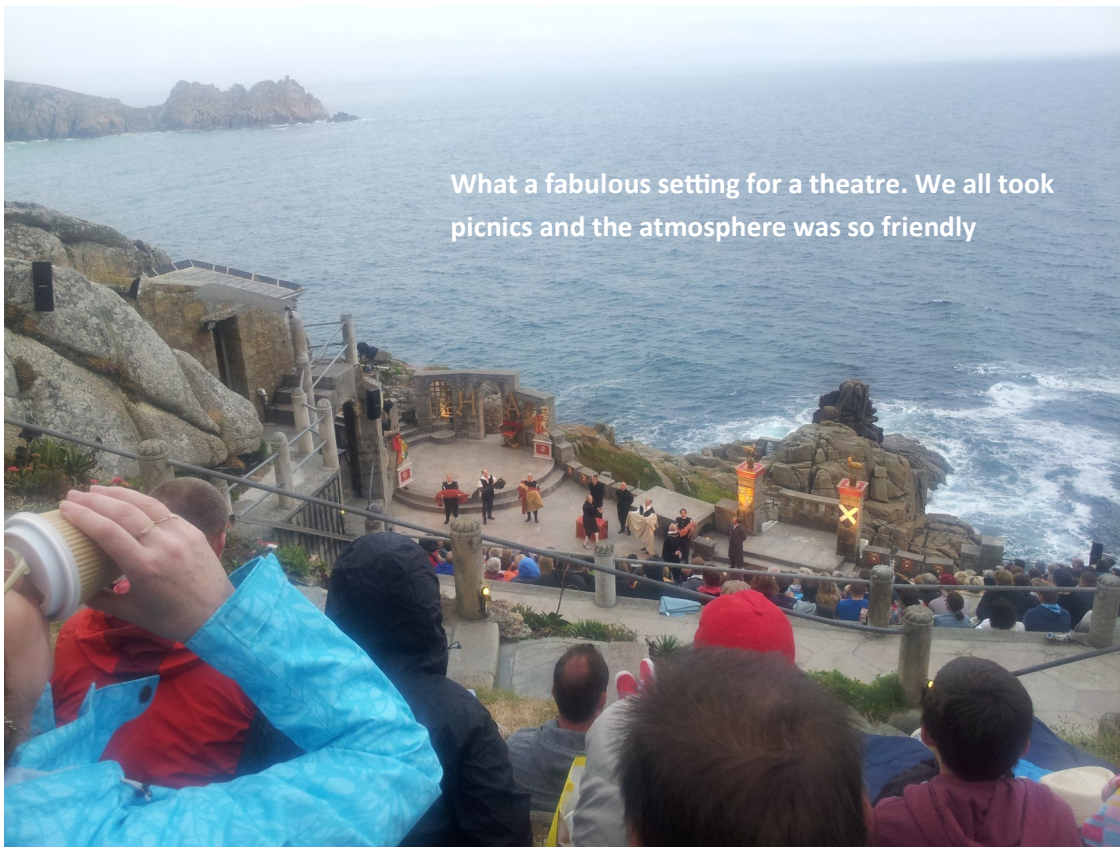
A scorchingly hot day spent at Wisley with Tammy, Ben and Larnie in June 2013.
It is a favourite place of theirs and we can see why...just such a long drive



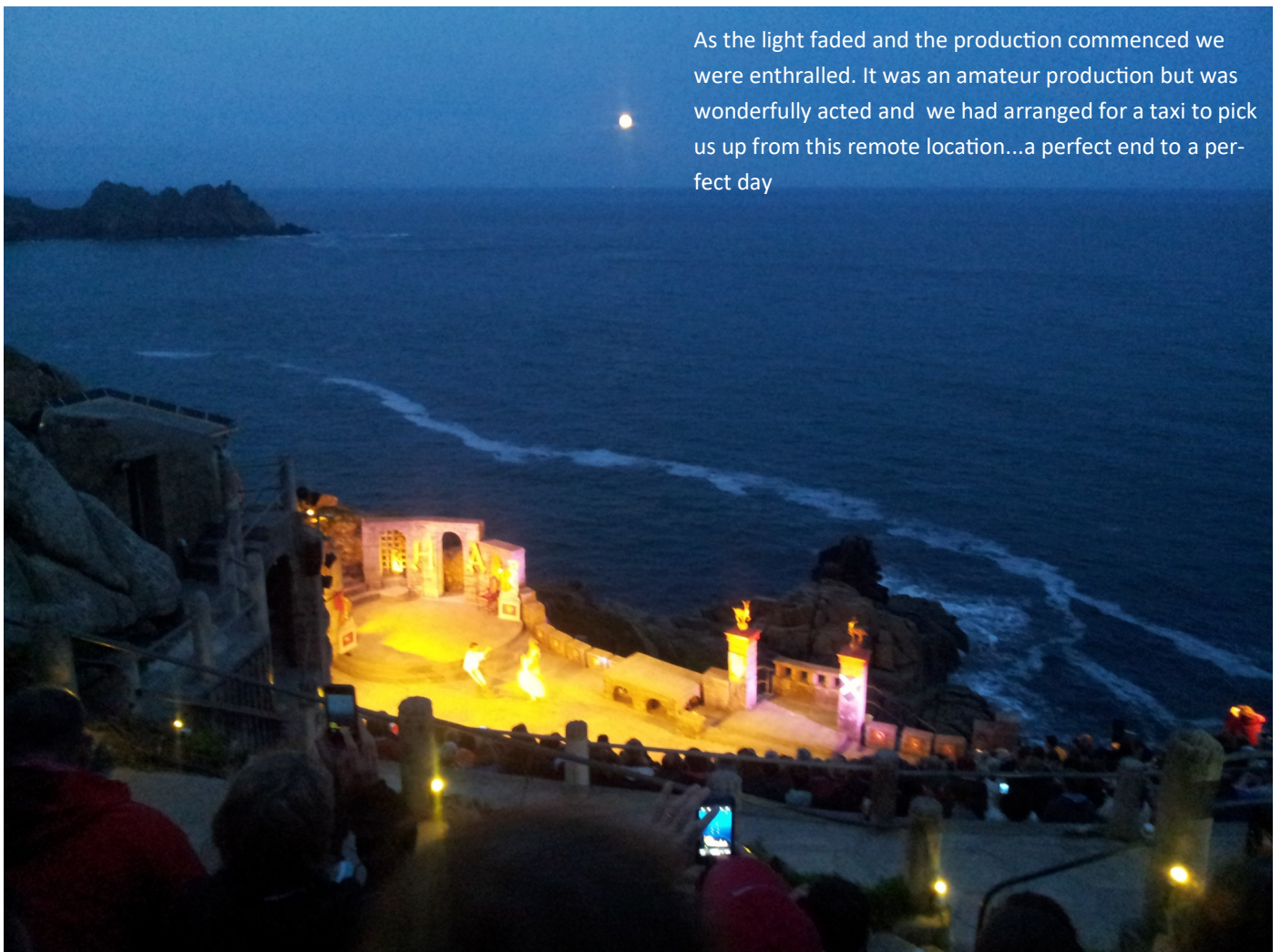
Even our flower baskets at home were
a blaze of colour this year

A couple of days in July on a farm in Cornwall was made extra special by two things; the fantastic weather and getting around on open-top double decker busses along the narrow country lanes. We went by train and enjoyed backpacking and walking





What a fabulous setting for a theatre. We all took picnics and the atmosphere was so friendly



As the light faded and the production commenced we were enthralled. It was an amateur production but was wonderfully acted and we had arranged for a taxi to pick us up from this remote location...a perfect end to a perfect day



Photo History



An open-top bus ride from the farmhouse to Penzance and then an exhilarating beach walk to St Michael's Mount certainly cleared the cobwebs . We walked back and had a really great meal in a family-run bistro which specialised in local food and rivalled any well-known restaurant for service and quality. The train journey back was totally relaxing and completed a perfect couple of days away





After Katie and Claire's wedding we went to The **National Memorial Arboretum** at Alrewas situated on approximately 150 acres () of old gravel workings, It is at the western end of the National Forest where the wedding took place

The idea for the arboretum was conceived by David Childs in 1988. He believed that it would form a living tribute to service men and women for future generations to reflect upon and enjoy. The arboretum was officially opened on 16 May 2001. The arboretum contains over 50,000 trees, with more being added each year.

There are over 250 memorials and plots for the armed forces, civilian organisations and voluntary bodies who have played a part in serving the country; and even Hm Amethyst's cat. Several corporate war memorials – from British banks, building societies, and insurance companies – have been relocated to the grounds, when the original owners became unable or unwilling to care for them. At the heart of the arboretum is the Armed Forces Memorial, which is a tribute to over 16,000 service personnel who have lost their lives in conflict or as a result of terrorism since the end of the Second World War. At 11 am on 11 November each year the sun shines through two slits in the outer and inner walls of the memorial, casting a shaft of light across a wreath in the centre

Within the arboretum is the Millennium Chapel of Peace and Forgiveness where, at 11 am each day, an act of remembrance takes place. Following the two minutes silence, accompanied by the Last Post & Reveille





I've got a feeling I am
always behind them

In August Arnon came over to the UK and prior to our walking together in Scotland we visited DP on his boat in Pin Mill







Around Pin Mill



Photo History

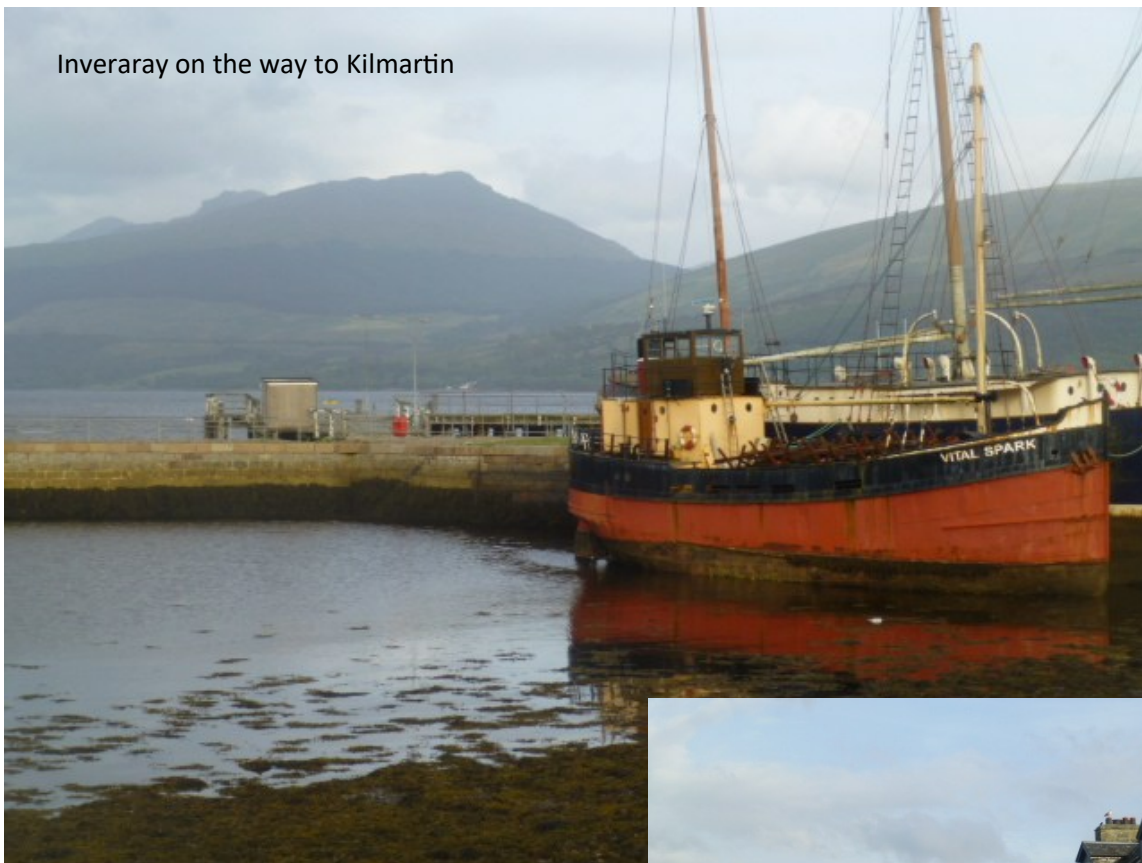


In August Arnon and I took off for a well planned trip to the west coast of Scotland. Train to Glasgow and then a coach around the coast ending up in Kilmartin. We stayed there a couple of nights and rented bikes from Lochgilphead and cycled the length of the Crinan canal walking through The Crinan Wood above the harbour and back to our B&B. The ancient church there was home to some fascinating burial stones and the accommodation was great. We cycled to look at some ancient burial mounds that due to the location were very little visited and were really atmospheric.

After returning the bikes we bussed it to Ardrossan and got the ferry across to the Isle of Arran where we stayed a few nights. Arran was unexpectedly beautiful and we had a fantastic B&B. The walking was just superb and we brought back memories that will always remain with us.. Getting the ferry back to the mainland we then got a bus to Glasgow and stayed there for the last night with the added bonus of getting the train into Edinburgh for the last night of The Festival. I saw a great production in a fringe theatre and we got the last train back to Glasgow. The following morning I got the train back home and Arnon stayed on to meet Renana his daughter .

The following photos are just some of the loads I took and some of the videos capture the quiet and beauty of a totally unspoilt place

Inveraray on the way to Kilmartin





A man in a dark jacket is standing behind a large, ancient stone wall made of rounded stones. In the background, there is a stone structure, possibly a tomb or a small building, and a grassy field under a cloudy sky.



A photograph of a stone structure, likely a tomb or entrance, covered in moss and lichen. The structure is made of rough, grey stone blocks. A dark, rectangular opening leads into the ground. The surrounding area is covered in green moss and white lichen. The ground in front of the opening is uneven and rocky.





Photo History



The quiet town of Lochgilphead
where we hired our bikes



The canal was built for commercial sailing vessels and later Clyde puffers travelled between the industrialised region around Glasgow to the West Highland villages and islands. It was designed by civil engineer John Rennie and work started in 1794, but not completed until 1801, two years later than planned. Problems, particularly with the locks, meant that some parts of the canal had to be redesigned - a task that fell to Thomas Telford in 1816. The locks were again reconstructed and deepened in the 1930s. It is a popular route for leisure craft between the Firth of Clyde and the west coast of Scotland, used by nearly 2,000 boats annually. We cycled both ways and there are 15 locks and it is crossed by seven bridges, six swing bridges



A really strange feature is cycling along the canal path between the ancient salt water peat bog and the canal. It is a really beautiful cycle ride and very easy





The lovely Crinan port at the end of the canal where it meets the sea





Crinan Woods are renowned for its mosses and lichens and the views down to the sea were really spectacular and very peaceful





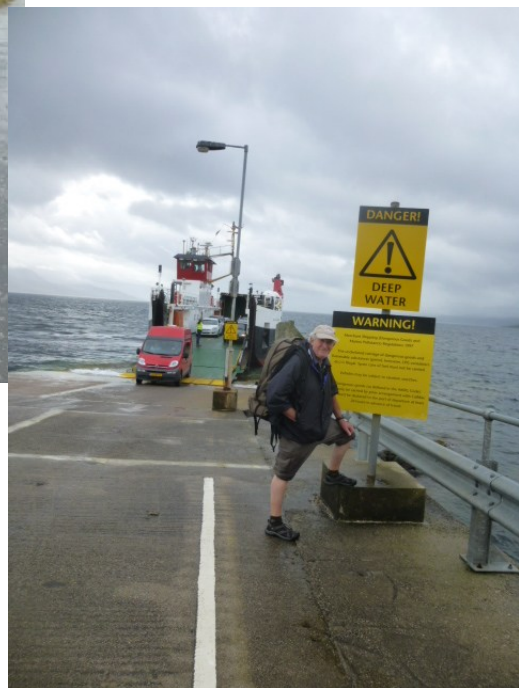
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I lost Arnon on the long ride back to Lochgilphead and set the camera on timed exposure on a bin...just as the dustmen came to collect the bins...just rescued the camera in time



Lochranza ferry was so bleak and belied the joys of Arran ahead of us



The deer roamed quite freely over the island

A beautiful rainbow high in the hills





...sometimes only a panorama can convey the whole beauty of the scenery all round you. Arran is truly amazing as I am sure you will appreciate with the next few pages



Photo History





Photo History



This stream slowly ran into the sea here and I walked alone at sunset along the shore and suddenly all the deer came down to drink the clear water. It was a great moment and I was so pleased to have my camera with me



Photo History





Photo History



The headland walk
from our B & B took
us over 6 hours and we
were completely alone



Our fabulous B & B
where we were totally
spoilt

The sandstone rock formations
and the clear water with differ-
ent colour jellyfish





GLASGOW

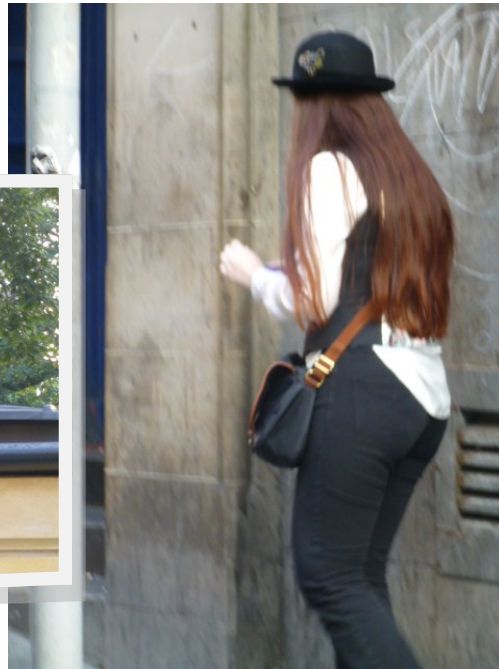


We were really fortunate that on arriving in Glasgow we were in time for the last day of The Edinburgh Fringe—So we took the train there, spending an exhausting day there, even managing to take in a fringe production...just about got the last train back. What a contrast to Arran





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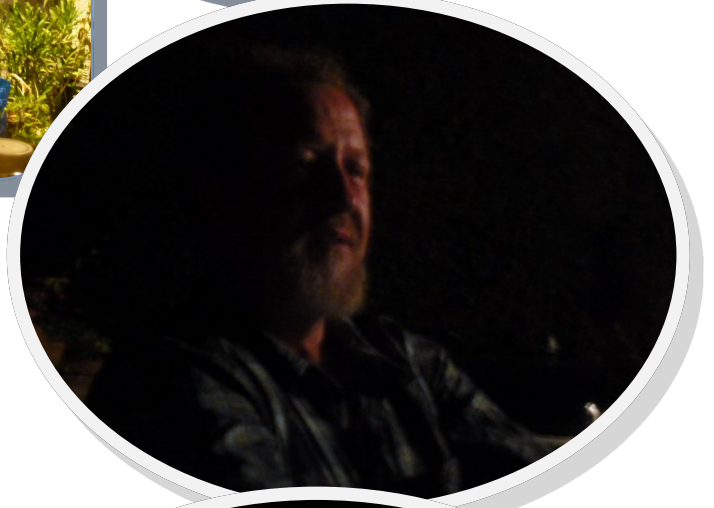


Totally mad and fantastic fun....





Renana, Arnon's daughter joined us for a family chat in the garden#September 2013





Sept 2013. an organised walk around
Clerkenwell and Smithfield with Micky and
Robbie





Like all bad habits...it
starts with just one





Photo History

In September, while Tammy and Ben were away Larnie stayed with us and we went to Barcelona for a few fun days





The food was fabulous and La Boqueria market food was a visual delight and we found a market café where the food was just fantastic



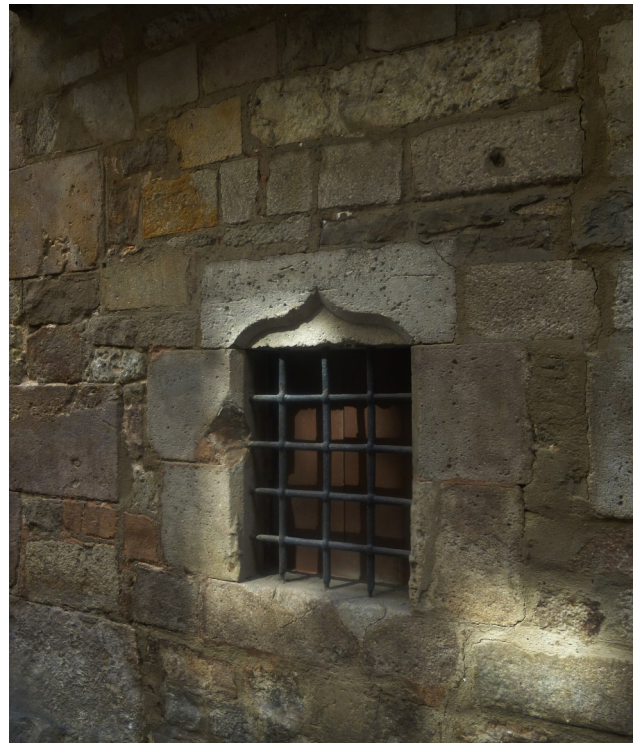




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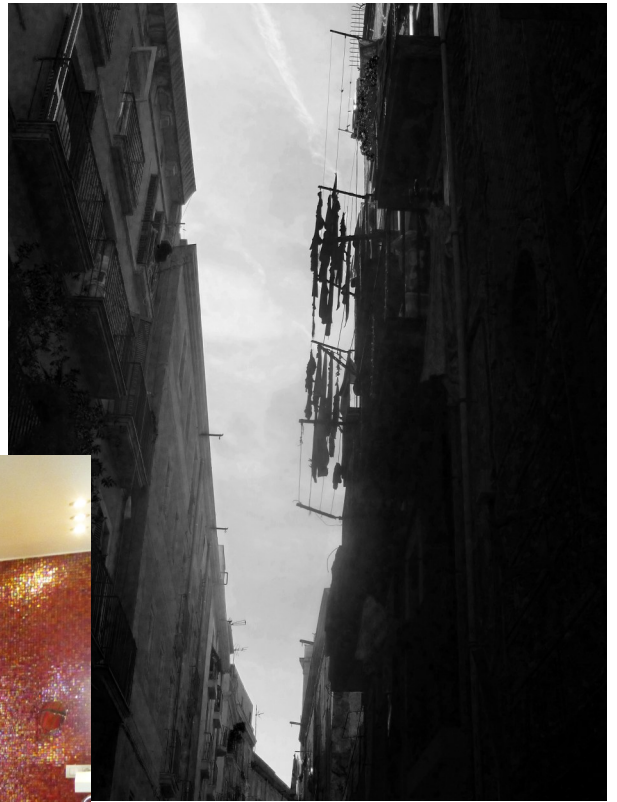




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Our quirky room with its central bath

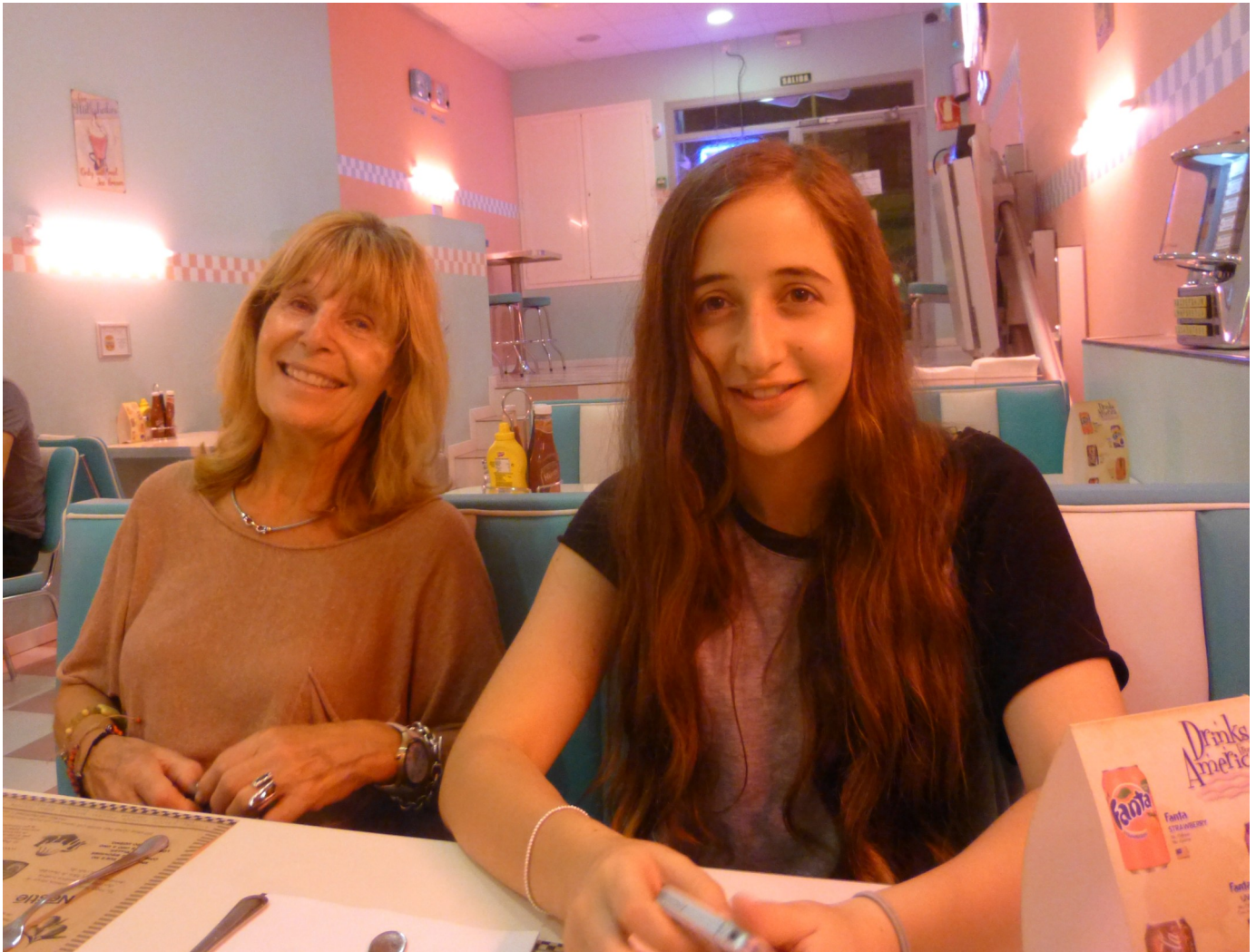


View up
Passeig de
Gracia
from our
balcony



Barcelona had some great graffiti which inspired my hardback 'book.....one mans art...





American retro was possibly not typically Andalucían fare but it was great fun....



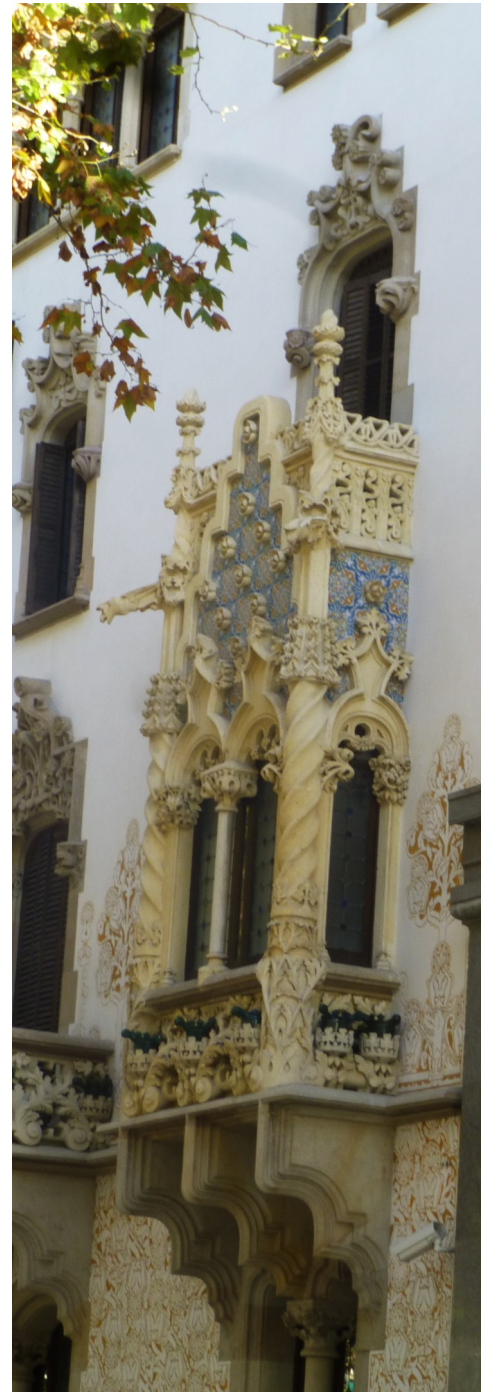




Everyone had said that the architecture in Barcelona was unique but the variety and fascinating buildings everywhere just overwhelmed us

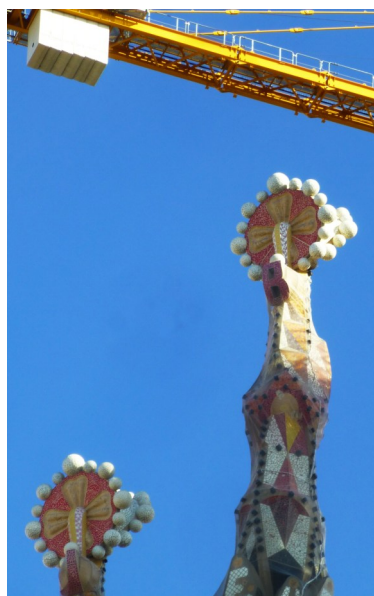








We were totally unprepared for Sagrada Familia . Though construction of had commenced in 1882 Gaudí became involved in 1883, taking over the project and transforming it with his architectural and engineering style, combining Gothic and curvilinear Art Nouveau forms. Gaudí devoted his last years to the project, and at the time of his death at age 73 in 1926 less than a quarter of the project was complete and it is still a major building site





Coffee, cake and a chat



Dancing in the street for
the sheer joy of it





Photo History





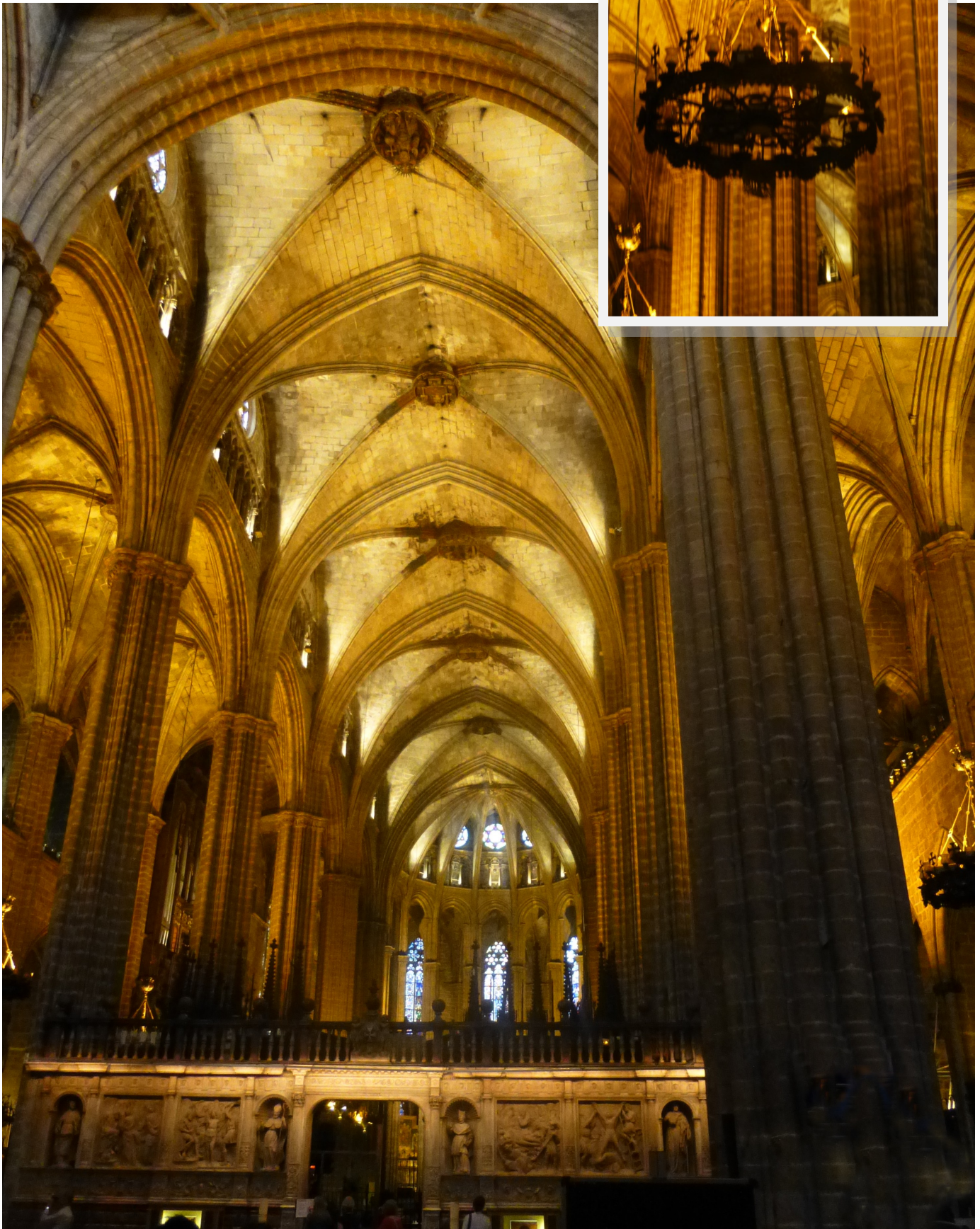


The market
food displays
were
fantastic





Catalonia Cathedral golden splendour





A boat trip around the harbour gave us views of the beach and some massive cruise liners moored from a different perspective

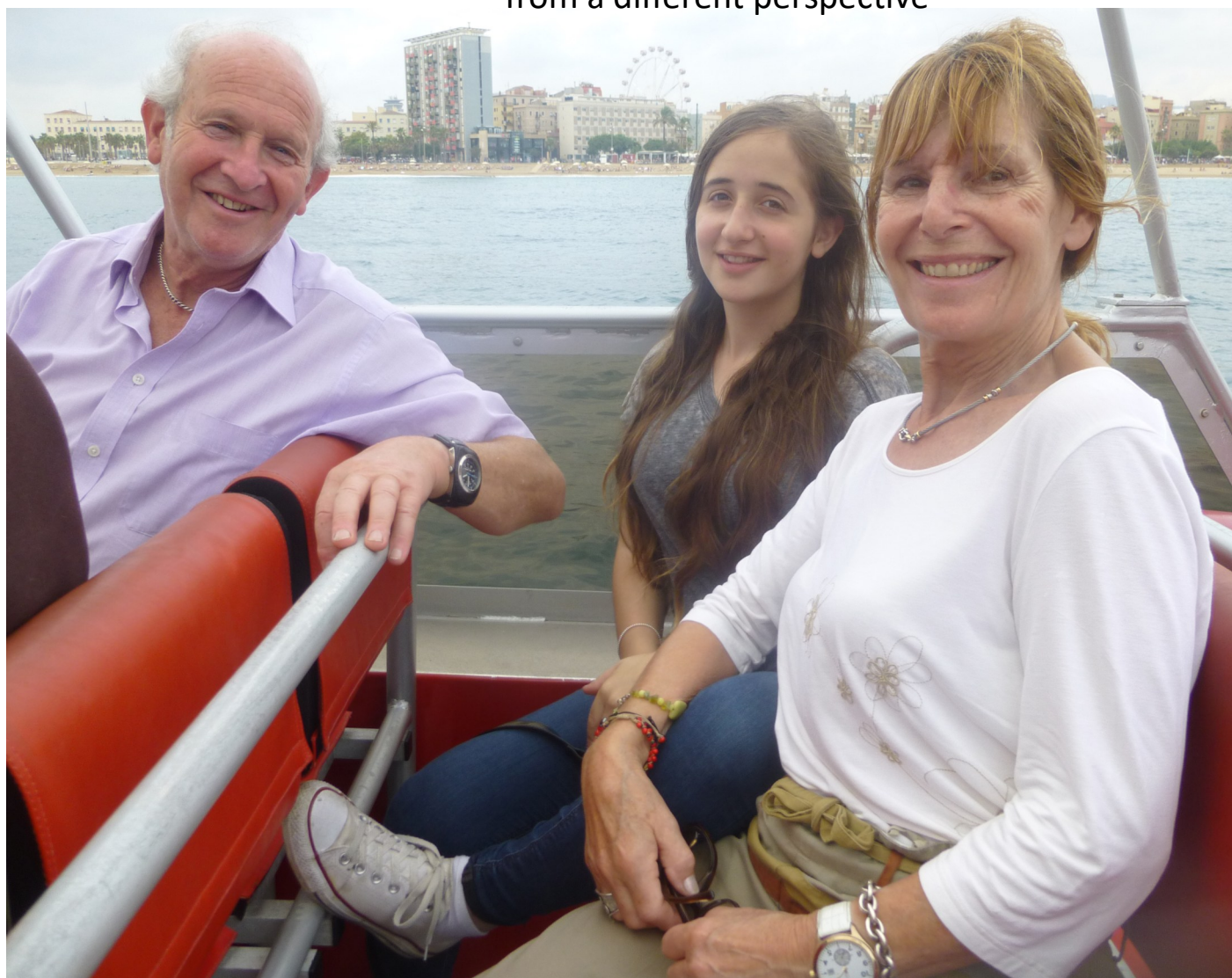
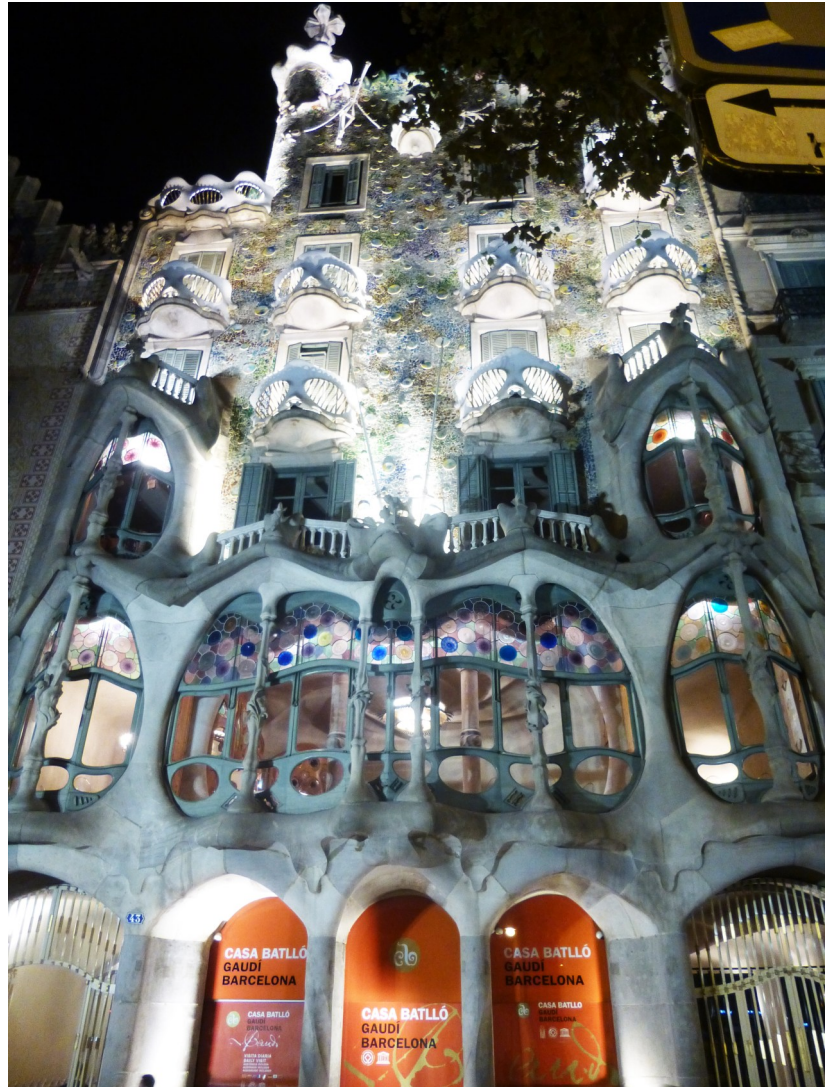




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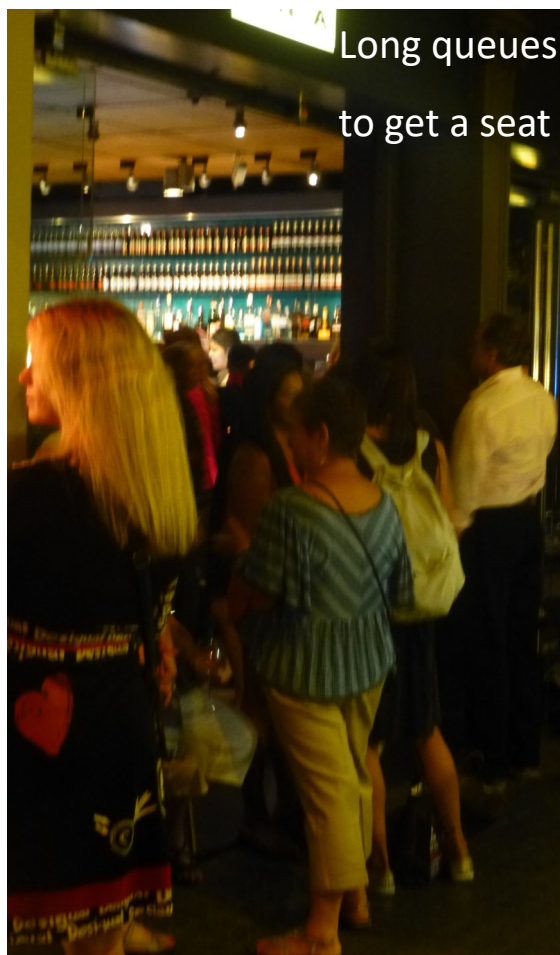


Stylish, kitsch but certainly totally original...we loved it





Catalana—one of the best tapas bars in town..



Long queues
to get a seat



Fantastic selection



Photo History



Larnie thought she had arrived
in Paradise.....





...and now the inevitable postscript

A virtual tour ...from Glastonbury to Barcelona via the wilds of Scotland...

A very varied time. Probably reflects our life.

We enjoy the 'different'. ...guess that is what keeps us young..."Young"...who's he kidding I hear you ask. Two geriatric old Freedom-Pass-wielding dodderly old farts, more like...but leave them alone...they're harmless

It was great having Larnie with us at home and also at Barcelona but possibly she now would prefer to be with her friends..she is growing up rapidly and is a great person to have a discussion with..very definite views and sensibly thought through

All the kids are so much fun ..from our kids to the grandkids.

A REAL family.makes it all worthwhile.

Mum is getting on well but is sometimes a bit confused but still manages alone at her flat with just a carer call am and pm to assist with a meal etc

Lynny, well that's the best part. A really great partner. We have real fun and are always talking (yes...ok and always bickering...but that's us...if you don't like the show...leave the theatre.)

We seem quite obsessed with age now...probably gets to a point when one realises that one is well over half way and must make the most of what's left. Don't worry we are not getting religion...we are not getting morbid but sometimes one thinks...so much to do...so little time. This is not depressing just a kick up the arse to do what you have planned and without succumbing to the manyana syndrome...